

Thi saa har Gud elsket  
Verden, at han gav sin  
Søn, den enbaarne, for at  
hver den som tror paa  
ham, ikke skal fortæbes,  
men have evigt Liv.

# HYRDEN

"JEG ER DEN GODE HYRDE." — Joh. 10, 11.

Den som tror paa ham,  
bliver ikke dømt; den som  
ikke tror, er allerede dømt,  
fordi han ikke har troet  
paa Guds enbaarne Søns  
Navn.

Haugen, Rev. A. K.  
dec42

17de aargang.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Første Nr. i Juni, 1941

Nr. 11

## I EN STILLE STUND

"Han skal styrke eder indtil enden, saa I maa vere ulastelige paa vor Herre Jesu Kristi Dag."

1. Kor. 1:8.

Gud ske lov! Selv den aller skrøpeligste iblandt os — hvem det enn er — skal befestes av Herren tilslut Han som kaldte os skal gjøre det. Hvil dit trette og tvilende hjerte i denne forgjettelse.

Naar Herren gir os en forgjettelse saa er det hans mening at vi skal faa hvile i den, og i hvilen finde ny styrke. Krefterne øves og prøves i kamp; men de sankes i hvile, i hjertets hvile i forgjettelse fra Gud.

Medkristne! Ingen ting er saa livsaligt som at gi sig over med fuld tillit til dette haap om den kommende befrielse fra alt ondt, fra alt det mørke og bittere i os, fra all synd, fra alle fristelser, og fra alle tvil.

Her kan det ikke undgaaes at vi tenker nærmest hver enkelt paa sig, og at vi gleder os hver enkelt for sig: Jeg som nu har saa meget ondt at stri med i mig, jeg skal vere ustraffelig paa den Herres Jesu Kristi dag!

Men der er en anden side ved dette evige livs haap som først gjør fuldkomment. Betenk den og la den lyse for dit indre øie. Jo mere du har levet et liv i Gud og erkjendt dig som en gren paa vintreet, jo mere den Helligaand har faat lere dig det sande menighetsliv med Jesus, jo mere vil dette levende haap lyse for dig. Kristi legeme — menigheten — som her ser saa usselt ut, med saa mange syke og uverdige lemmer, det skal paa Jesu Kristi dag staa herliggjort, uten plet og rynke. Tenk dig menighetsgleden paa Jesu Kristi dag. Vi skal se at denne menighet som her ser saa betenkelig, saa uren ut, at den dog var og er vor Herres Jesu Kristi menighet. Vi skal se den ren og klar for Guds trone. Ti Jesu Kristi Guds søns blod renser os fra all synd!

Helligaand, du største gave  
Nogen tunge nevne kan,  
Naar jeg ene dig maa have,  
Veier verden ei et gran.  
Kom, O Herre, kom til mig!  
Kom til hjerte som du dig  
Til dit tempel før utvalgte,  
Da du først ved navn mig kaldte.

Du er hellig, bliver fundet  
Hvor man elsker synden ei,  
Du er ei med dem forbundet  
Som vil gaa den brede vei.  
La mig være dag og nat,  
Full av aandens rike skat;  
La mig aldrig dig bedrøve,  
Ingen synd din fred mig røve.

Hug mig ikke op fra grunde  
For det onde jeg har gjort!  
La mig mot din renhet stunde  
Tag alt banlyst fra mig bort!  
Gjør mit hjerte sterk og ømt,  
Og hvad før jeg har forsomt  
Ved din naade skal herefter  
Rette op av alle krefter.

Vær i nøden den min hegner,  
Naar jeg synker, vær min stav;  
Favn mig naar jeg dør og blegner,  
Vokt mit støv i mørke grav!  
Og naar jeg igjen opstaar,  
O, saa hjelp mig at jeg gaar  
Ind i himlens høie sale,  
Evig der med dig at tale!

(N. F.)

Hovmodssynden er Guds værste fiende. Den avsetter Gud fra hans herskerstilling og ophøier sig selv. Har den troende end overvundet hovmodigheten i det ytre, kommer den igjen som sikkerhet og aandelig hovmodighet. Faren er især stor naar den guddommelige glede fylder sjelen. Da har man let for at bli stolt og synes at man er en god kristen. Hans Nielsen Hauge.

## GUDS STORE KJÆRLIGHET

Navnet paa forfatteren av den salme vi har valgt denne gang har en fortrolig klang: Thomas Kingo. Ikke mindre end 88 salmer i Landstads Salmebok skriver sig fra hans frugtbare pen. Men om selve navnet er kjendt, er det mulig at de fleste av vore lesere vet lite om manden selv. Derfor nogen faa biografiske notater.

Thomas Hansen Kingo blev født den 15 desember, 1634, i Slangstrup, Danmark. Hans far var i ung alder kommet fra Skotland. Thomas frekventerte latinskolen og tok "examen artium" i 1654, og den teologiske embedseksamen fire aar senere. Tiltrods for travle dage i prestegjerningen fandt han tid til at skrive en lang rekke dikte som inden faa aar gjorde ham bekjendt som en av danmarks mest fremragende diktere. Der manglet heller ikke paa andre forfremmelser. I 1670 blev han kaaret biskop av Fyen bispedømme, i 1679 blev han gjort til medlem av det danske adelskap, og i 1682 tildeltes han den teologiske doktorgrad.

Kingos levnetsløp var dog ikke bare en dans paa roser. Saaledes møtte han i forbindelse med sit arbeide med den danske salmebok mange bittere skuffelser, som vi ikke skal beskrive her. Han var almindelig kjendt som en dygtig og energisk biskop, men det var dog salmedikteren Kingo som vandt varig berømmelse, og hædersnavnet "Salmisten i det danske kirkekor."

O store Gud, din kjærlighet  
Jeg aldrig nok kan skatte,  
Det rigdoms dyp jeg ikke ved  
Med al min sans at fatte,  
Hvordan du elskte verden saa,  
Din Søn du vilde give,  
At hver som tror paa hannem maa  
I himlen salig blive.

Du søde Jesus tok dig paa  
Udi Guds raad at ville  
For verdens synd i borgen gaa,  
Din fader at formilde,  
Saa al den skyld og straf og bod,  
Gud vilde os tilregne,  
Du paa dit eget regnskap lod  
Til fuld betaling tegne.

Saa har du med din pine vendt  
Fra os al helveds vaade,  
Og for os ved dit blod fortjent  
Barmhjertighet og naade,  
Som hen til alle strækker sig,  
Der vil fra synden vende,  
Og udi troen favne dig  
Til deres sidste ende.

Min sjæl vær derfor frisk og fro,  
Bliv fuld av himmel-glæde!  
Du kan i fuld tillid og tro  
Nu for Guds aasyn træde;  
Ti Jesus Kristus ved sit blod  
Har fred med ham oprettet,  
Og i den dyrebare flod  
Er al din synd avtvættet.

Ved Kristi død og ved hans aand  
Jeg synden vil avsiige,  
Og verdens vellyst ved hans haand  
Og store kraft bekrige;  
Og taper jeg end tidt mit slag,  
Jeg bør dog ei forsake,  
Jeg vinder dog, fordi min sak  
Sig Jesus vil paatage.

Saa skal da Jesu dype saar,  
Hans marter, død og pine  
Beskytte mig ihvor jeg gaar;  
Jeg skal i graven trine  
Med stadigt haap, at se forsandt  
Min Gud paa æres trone,  
Og takke Jesus, som der vandt  
Mig livsens dyre krone.  
(Landstad, Nr. 377)

## FRA EN TUR TIL CANADA

S. H. Njaa.

Prince Albert var vor hovedby de første aarene vi var i Canada. Vi bodde de fire første aarene i Weldon, ca. 45 mil i østlig retning. Turene til Prince Albert tok almindelig tre til fire dage. Det var meget der skulde utrettes hver gang. Der skulde holdes gudstjeneste, kanske var der ogsaa kvindeforening og saa var det sykebesøk paa hospitalerne og saa var det indkjøp av matvarer og ikke at forglemme maatte jeg ind paa banken og ordne med mine pengeaffærer der. Det var ikke saa nøie om jeg ikke kunde betale. Bare jeg kom ind og fornyet noten. Slik gik det da aar efter aar.

I Prince Albert møtte jeg mange landsøkere og jeg fandt ut, at der var mange av dem der drog vest over til Shellbrook, ca. 45 mil fra Prince Albert. Nogen av de første jeg møtte var John H. Floen, C. L. C. Christianson, S. J. Filbey, Sten Skavlebo, Jonas Tunem, gamle Kvinlog og et par av hans sønner, A. K. Fjeld, Mr. Drangsholt, Ed. Thompson, Bernt Wahl med mange flere. Jeg fik indbydelse paa indbydelse at komme der ut og begynne arbeide, men jeg hadde 90 mil at kjøre og derfor blev det utsat igjen og igjen. Det var to dages kjøring for at komme did, saa turen kunde ikke gjøres paa mindre end en uke.

Søndag den 20de august 1905 holdt jeg min første gudstjeneste i Shellbrook settlementet hos C. L. C. Christianson kl. 11 paa formiddag og hos E. Swenson paa eftermiddag kl. 3.30. Folket bodde svært spredt i den tid, saa det var ikke saa svært mange der møtte frem, men de som var samlet var alle enige i at vi skulde opta det kirkelige arbeide paa det sted, og det blev bestemt at neste gang jeg kom tilbake skulde der være altergang.

Det var ikke muligt for mig at besøke dem hver maaned, men jeg

## Fra Frontier, Sask.

Den norske nationaldag (17 mai) blev feiret med en festlig tilstelning i Frontier, Sask., søndag den 18 mai, under stor tilslutning. Festen var arrangert av den Norsk Lutherske kirkes og Brodersamfundets kvindeforeninger.

Programmet bød paa baade norske og engelske sange, taler, og deklamation. Kollekten optat til inntekt for norgeshjelpen beløp sig til \$64.00.

Forfriskninger blev servert av de to kvindeforeninger.

— Kor.

hadde faat en emissær Erik Erikson til at hjelpe mig i arbeidet og han besøkte Shellbrook nogle gange, likeledes Luther Larson, som tilhørte min menighet i Weldon. I 1906 kom pastor Røvik og overtok arbeidet i dette stork og jeg kom ikke did mer før efter at pastor Wessel var kommet did. Det var skik i den forenede kirke at ha visitatorer og jeg skulde ha den stilling i Saskatchewan kreds. Vi hadde den tid kun en kreds i hele provinsen. Jeg kom ikke til at ha visitats i mer end to prestekald, nemlig hos pastor L. Urnes og hos pastor S. Wessel.

Pastor Wessel var utdannet som officer i Norge, men kom over og studerte ved vort seminar i St. Paul. Hans første kald var Shellbrook og Prince Albert. Han blev pastor R. R. Syrdals eftermand. Han optok arbeidet i 1910 og samme aar kom hans forlovede fra Norge og de satte bo ute i vildniset i Shellbrook settlementet. Da jeg kom did og skulde ha visitas fandt jeg at de bodde i en gammel forladt loghytte. Det var vist kun et rum, men de hadde avdelt det i flere smaarum med toi og papir, saa det var noksaa koselig. Det var nok ikke den slags prestegaard hun hadde tenkt at flytte ind i, da hun forlod Norge for at bli prestefrue i Amerika. Det blev nok mange tunge (Fortsat paa side 2)

## HJERTER UTEN SVIK

"I skal ikke slutte pakt med dette lands innbyggere; deres altere skal I nedbryte. Men I har ikke hørt min røst; hvad er det I har gjort?" (Domernes bok 2, 4).

Herren krever full overgivelse. Som kristen maa jeg overgi alt mitt eget. Gud krever at jeg skal forlate saadant selskap og slike skikker som han har forbudt.

Paa misjonsmarken kalles en som kommer for aa undervises om frelsesveien, en søker (inquirer). Slike søkere blir gruppert i klasser, som møter hver uke eller to ganger i uken. De blir da undervist i Skriften, og de lærer aa synge og aa be. Bøkene som brukes er Bibelen, katekismen, forklaringen, bibelhistorien og salmeboken. Stor vekt blir lagt paa aa lære bibelvers utenad, likeledes paa bønner og personlig samtale.

Maalet er aa bringe den sökende til Gud, for at den Hellige Aand gjennom Ordet kan virke syndserkjennelse og omvendelse, slik at Kristi evangelium kan bli kraften til frelse i en angrende sjel. Der maa en hjerte-forandring til.

Misjonæren plikter aa se om der er bevis paa omvendelse før den sökende døpes. Det maa bli slutt med avgudstilbedelse. Gudene i hjemmet maa kastes ut. Et saadant skritt krever baade mot og tro paa Gud. Den frykt som karakteriserer dem som tilber avguder, maa overvinnnes. Det er en spennende time i et hjem naar faren tar gudene ned — gamle husguder som i mange slektledd er blitt tilbedt av familien. Naboeene spaar ulykke over hjemmet naar gudene bæres ut for aa brennes eller slaas i stykker.

Det hender at en sökende da fristes til aa gjemme bort en av de mange husguder for sikkerhets skyld. Han fristes til ikke aa adlyde Guds befaling om aa nedbryte deres altere. Han har ikke overgitt sig helt. Men Gud kjenner de hemmelige synder, og han alene kan bringe et saadant menneske til aa innse sin synd. Den Hellige Aand vil gjennom Ordet dømme synderens skjulte stier. Det hender at et saadant menneske med et "svikefullt hjerte" blir saa paavirket av den Hellige Aand at han bekjenner sin synd og blir tilgitt. Full fred og fortrøstning i Gud erfares kun naar den troende opgir det svikefulle hjerte.

Lov og evangelium maa prekes i de kristne menigheter. Det er en stor fristelse i denne tid da materiell fremgang og kraft har vært saa utgrepet, aa sette sin lit til kraft og stole paa Gud bare naar det riktig kniper. Men kristne med svikefulle hjerter kan ikke brukes som korsets stridsmenn. Blandt det av Israels stammer som hjalp David, fikk Sebulons menn følgende skudsmaal: "De stillet sig i slagorden med hjerter uten svik" (Dom. 12, 33).

Fra "Lutheraneren".

## Fra Moose Jaw, Sask.

Det er ikke ofte at vi ser noe i bladet fra Moose Jaw.

To uker siden hadde vi pastor Overlid her for en ukens tid. Av hans otte møter blev to holdt paa det norske sprog. Personlig liker jeg norsk bedst, for det er mit morsmaal.

Pastor Overlid er en grei taler som ikke skjuler sandheten av menneskefrykt. Det var lærerike, hyggelige stunder for os som var der kveld efter kveld; bare skade at der ikke var flere. Mange takk, pastor Overlid!

Sommeren er jo møternes tid. Ser bekjendtgjørelser fra flere steder. Maa Gud faa gjøre bruk av disse møter til at lede mange til erkjendelse av det ene fornødne.

Hilsen til alle Hyrdens lesere fra: —Agneta Solberg.



## HYRDEN

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Rev. C. S. Lystig, Editor,  
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### An Open Letter To Our Correspondents

Writers of such books and magazines as we really enjoy reading are comparatively rare specimens in the large army of individuals who may consider themselves decreed by destiny to blaze new and spectacular trails across the literary landscape.

That need not worry us.

Our task is to produce neither books nor magazines. Rather it is to endeavor to build and maintain a medium of exchange of news and other information gathered primarily from sources closely related to the Church, and supplemented with reading matter of such devotional type as will refresh and strengthen personal faith.

Now seeing Hyrden partakes of the nature of a newspaper more than anything else, at least in appearance, it calls for a special style of writing, namely the newspaper style. And, as everyone knows, the dominant characteristic of the newspaper style is BREVITY. Since the space of a newspaper remains as constant as a paved highway, it is decidedly bad taste to use more words than absolutely necessary, because it means the needless crowding out of somebody else. Remember the fellow who seems to glory in following the middle of the road.

BREVITY, then, and SIMPLICITY a close second, are the cardinal virtues to strive for in preparing news articles for Hyrden. In other words, when you have something to say, state it in the fewest and most easily understood words possible. Of course not without regard to proper sentence construction. There is no merit in a jumble of simple words. Write and re-write until the idea you want to convey stands out in bold relief. Then, if at all possible, have your article typed—double spaced—regardless of whether it consists of one sentence or one column. Thank you!

(Fortsat fra side 1)

dage og netter, naar hun maatte sitte der alene langt ute i ensomheten. Jeg folte at denne prestekone ofret mer end noen kunde forstaa for at være med at bygge Guds rike ute iblandt nybyggerfolket. Det var den eneste gang jeg saa Mrs. Wessel, men efter at de var kommet til Edmonton, Alberta, hvor de optok prestegjerningen i 1926, fik jeg brev fra hende. Hun hadde besøkt et hjem i Edmonton, hvor de hadde Northwood-Emisæren, og hun bad om en del nummer som hun kunde bruke under sine besøk ved hospitalerne i den by. Hun var altsaa en flittig arbeider blandt syke og lidende.

Nu er der flere prestekald der ute og mange prester har arbeidet trofast og godt aar efter aar. Vi skulde likt saa godt at gjort en tur ut og opsoekt nogle av de gamle der endnu lever, men det blev ikke muligt. Jeg fik dog mote en av de prester der arbeidet derute, nemlig Hans Nilson. Han var her nede og holdt bryllup sidste sommer med Miss Tina Midbo, Hatton, N. Dak. Det var hyggeligt at mote dem og finde ut at de var ved godt mod og at de likte arbeidet der oppe i det hoie nord.

Det var et gode i den første tid, at vi ikke kjendte noe til automobiler. Vi var vel fornøiet med at sitte i

sleden eller buggyen hele dagen og stundom langt ut paa nat. Det kjendtes dog godt efter en langtur paa et par hundre mil at være hjemme igjen, men saa var det bare om nogle dage at ta ut igjen, og slik gikk det de første aarene til flere arbeidere kom ind og marken blev delt saa reisene blev kortere.

Det var ofte noksaa koldt om vinteren, men paa de koldeste dage var det altid blikstille. Jeg husker en dag i januar maaned jeg maatte til Prince Albert. Jeg syntes nok at det svidde lidt i næsen da jeg satte hestene for, men vi var jo vant til dette, saa jeg drog avsted. Luften var klar som krystal og dombjelderne ga vakker gjenklang fra skog og brusk paa veien indover. Hestene var aldeles hvite av rim hele dagen, saa jeg forstod at det maatte være koldt. Da jeg fik hestene ind i Prince Albert og kom mig over paa hotellet og spurte efter hvor koldt det hadde været, var svaret 62 grader. Det var den koldeste dag i mands minde. Jeg hadde kjørt 45 mil og vidste ikke at det var noe særs koldt.

Det var dog ikke saa værst, naar man kunde komme ind i et varmt hus efter en saadan lengere tur, men det var ikke alltid tilfelde. Værst var det naar jeg kom ned paa prærien, hvor der var lite av brendsel. Der oppe hvor vi bodde var der god forsyning av ved.

Det var engang midtvinters at jeg skulde preke ved Dalmeny, vest fra Saskatoon. Mr. K. J. Leedahl møtte mig i byen og vi kjørte ut til hans farm. Det var fryktelig koldt. Jeg blev modtat paa det bedste, og jeg hadde det i alle maater meget hyggeligt hos disse gjestfrie folk. De hadde bare brusk til brendsel og Mr. Leedahl sat ved kokeovnen og brekket denne brusk i stykker og stak ind i ovnen. Det brendte lystig et øieblik og varmet ganske godt, saa naar vi sat tet ind til ovnen blev vi go og varm paa en side, men saa snart at dette var utbredt blev det koldt igjen paa begge sider. Slik gikk det ut over kvelden, men jeg var alltid forberedt paa en kold seng og et koldt rum, og med en god skindfrakke og en god skindhue klarte jeg mig godt, hvor koldt det var. Jeg maatte beundre disse gamle pionerer, der satte sig ned paa den vilde prerie, hvor megen kulde de kunde taale og hvor fornøiet de var. Naar disse kvinder og børn kunde klare sig i disse simple hytter paa prærien gjennom hele vinteren, da var det en skam at ikke jeg kunde klare det en nat eller to.

(Fortsettes.)

### Nye Traktater i Bokmissjonen

Siden oktober 1940 har Bokmissjonen utgit følgende nye traktater: No. 102 "Prinsesse Eugénies diamanter," av O. G., 4 sider.

No. 103. "This Thing is from me," by Laura A. Barter Snow, 4 sider.

No. 104. "Under Hvilken Pakt lever du?" av Past. K. O. Lundeborg, 8 sider.

No. 105. "I want to go with you," av Dr. O. Hallesby, 4 sider.

No. 106. "The Master Is Coming" (A Poem), av Mrs. Emma A. Lent, 4 sider.

No. 107. "The Jewels of Princess Eugénia," oversettelse av No. 102, ved Margith Guldseth, 4 sider.

No. 108. "Life's Central Problem and Its Solution," av Dr. Martin Hegland, 4 sider.

No. 109. "He Died for Me." Oversettelse fra Lutheraneren, ved Past. Helge Hoverstad, 4 sider.

No. 110. "The Infilling of the Holy Spirit," av past. C. K. Solberg, 4 sider.

No. 111. "The Holy Spirit," av past. G. M. Trygstad, 4 sider.

No. 112. "Sanctification," av past. K. O. Lundeborg, 16 sider.

Og videre Smaaskrift

No. 49. "The Dance Disappeared," av past. Helge Hoverstad, 24 sider.

Vær snil aa hjelp os sprede vore saakorn saa langt du kan. Og husk vor lille kasse med din hjelp.

Olaf Guldseth,  
3445—17 Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Won't you get us at least one more subscriber?

## MOR

"Mor," sa en liten pike med krøllet haar, "hvad er det som feiler venstre armen din? Den ser ikke pen ut. Fordervet du den engang?"

Moren la sit arbeide tilside, løftet sit kjære barn op i fanget, og fortalte hende om den forferdelige natt da en ødeleggende varme pludselig brøt løs i huset hvor hun bodde. Hun samlet i all hast nogen kledesplass omkring sit vesle pikebarn, og kom sig ut. Men armen som beskyttet den dyre byrde blev alvorlig forbrent.

Med tankefulde øine hørte piken i stilhet paa beretningen. Saa tok hun uten at si ett ord fatt paa den skamferte arm og kysset den. —

Min mor har ingen forkrøllet arm, men tankeløse folk vilde kanskje si at hun har andre mangler. Saaledes er for eksempel selskapslivets slepne manerer hende en gaade. Hun rakk aldrig lenger end til folkeskolen, og lite av den. Heller ikke forstaa hun sig paa at skjule hverken rynker eller graa haar. Men jeg vet noe om hvordan hun fikk disse. Det koster at vere mor. En mors kjerlighet skyr intet offer. Skulde jeg saa ikke elske baade rynkerne og de graa lokker? De vidner om hvad hun gav mig gjennom mange og lange aar da jeg trengte saa meget, og i uforstand forlangte kanskje enda mere.

At andre ikke forstaa min mor er vel ikke saa rar. Somme tider undrer jeg mig paa om jeg forstaa hende selv. Dog har vi saa meget sammen. Ja langt mere end vi gir uttrykk for i ord. Selve ordvekslingen er nesten skuffende almindelig, for den angaar skjelden andet end det mest hverdagslige; men den dekker over en verden av følelser—inderlige, sterke følelser — paa selve hjertebunden.

Det er tungt at slite sig løs efter et besøk hjemme. Der synes vere saa meget usagt, og uvisst er det naar neste anledning kommer. Men avskjedstimen er inde. Mor siger ikke stort; gaar bare stilferdig omkring. Hun undres paa om jeg har alt jeg skal ha med mig, og spør saa om jeg ikke vilde like en kopp med varm kaffe (Fem minutter efter vi gikk fra bordet!). Stemmen blir tilslutt litt anstrengt. Saa titter jeg hastig ind i hvert rum; kalder paa hunden, og ryster kraftig dens høire fot mens den ser likesom saa forundret paa mig. Endelig et hopp ind i bilen og fuld fart fremover...

En gammel kone staar ensom utenfor kjøkkendøren og vifter med et hvitt lommeterklær.

—Oversatt.

### A Church Member Explains

Wilbur La Roe, Jr.

You see, God, it is like this: We could attend church much more faithfully if your day just came at some other time. You have chosen a day that comes at the end of a hard week, when we are all tired out. Not only that, but it is the day following Saturday night. Saturday evening is the one time when we feel that we should enjoy ourselves, so we go to the movies or a party, and often it is after midnight when we reach home. It is almost impossible to get up on Sunday morning. You have chosen the very day on which we want to sleep late. In fact, the children are often late to Sunday School because it is difficult for us to get up early enough. It is usually after ten o'clock before the dishes are done, and then it is time to think about the Sunday dinner, not to mention the Sunday paper. I mean no disrespect and do not claim that my judgment equals yours, but you must realize that you have picked out the very day on which the morning paper takes the longest time to read thoroughly, and also the day on which we have the biggest dinner of the week. Not only that, but you have fixed the hour for the church service at the very time when we must be preparing the dinner.

Then, too, we must think of John. He is cooped up in an office all the week, and Sunday morning is the only time he has to tinker with the

## WHEN MONEY INSPIRES

This brief story originates in a small home mission congregation, and is written for the benefit of such who can find inspiration and adventure in little things.

Central Lutheran Church in Edmonton, Alberta, boasts a somewhat pretentious name, and does serve a considerable number of people, especially when its share in the radio mission is taken into consideration, but has a membership of less than two hundred souls.

The appeal for aid to "Orphaned Missionaries" did not fall on deaf ears. One member, working for the Canadian National Railway Co., contributed \$25.00 in one lump sum. What should the rest of us do? Well, the temptation suggested itself: take up an offering and then be through with it. But at one of the monthly board meetings that easy way of disposing of such a matter was flatly turned down. "Let's divide between ourselves the job of contacting each member individually!" Agreed.

Slowly but steadily the amount grew, as names were being added to the lists, until on Mother's Day \$92.20 was placed on the altar for the prayer of dedication.

What was meanwhile happening to our budget? It is considered very unfortunate, if not disastrous, to wage battle on more than one front at one and the same time. Our experience, however, turned that axiom upside-down. Miscellaneous unexpected items applicable to the budget, amounting to \$21.00, were sent to headquarters during April. The Master's Penny boxes brought in \$13.50 more than ever before. And on Mother's Day a record offering of \$36.50 was received for the budget. We may explain that it is an established custom in this congregation to take the first offering to the budget on Mother's Day, the credit going to the Ladies Aid.

When the board met on Monday, May 12th, we found to our great jubilation that not only were we able to meet our budget of \$115.00. The contents of the Penny-a-Meal Banks, counted that evening, and amounting to \$67.50, helped to carry us \$10.00 "over the top." Again a temptation arose: would it not be all right to retain a certain amount for much needed purposes here at home? Again the board registered an emphatic No! "This is money ear-marked for the budget, and to the budget it goes; every penny of it!" It was further agreed that the amount dedicated to the missionaries should be increased to an even \$100.00.

Seldom has the undersigned been more thrilled than when he the following day had the privilege of writing and mailing two memorable checks; one for \$104.00 to the budget, and one for \$100.00 to foreign missionaries. Thus money even of the smallest denominations can become a source of both inspiration and adventure. Christian stewardship transforms it into something almost living and breathing as it is sent on its way to serve the Lord in His blessed work among needy souls both at home and abroad.

—C. S. Lystig.

car. There is no time in the whole week that is quite so good as Sunday morning for cleaning a car and for doing odd jobs around the house. When John gets into his old clothes and gets his hands all greasy, you can hardly expect him to think about going to church. If you did not want him to tinker with a car, you should not have let him get one. Then there are leaves to be raked into piles and burned, and nearly everybody does that on Sunday morning, usually during the church hour.

I am telling you these things because I want you to see our viewpoint and that it is not our fault that we are not able to get to church on Sunday morning. We should like to go, and we know that we should go, but it must be clear that the real reason we cannot go is because you have chosen the wrong day. If you will select any day other than Sunday, we shall be glad to give the matter further consideration.



For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

# The SHEPHERD

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD. John 10, 11.

He that believeth on him is not judged; he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, First Nr. in June, 1941

## CANADA DISTRICT

May 22, 1941.

Circuit	1941 Appor.	Raised 1941	% Raised
Camrose	1,952.50	183.78	9.4
Edmonton	1,000.00	363.69	36.4
Manitoba	271.35		
Medicine Hat	452.25	105.17	23.3
Moose Jaw	921.90	224.90	24.4
Peace River	425.00	126.35	29.7
Prince Albert	1,212.85	143.65	11.8
Saskatoon	875.00	105.08	12.0
Swift Current	895.73	111.95	12.5
Yorkton	1,187.85	121.00	10.2
Personal		29.30	

\$9,045.00 \$1,514.87 16.7%

## Pastors Who Have Accepted Calls in the District

1. Mr. John Precht, B.A., from the University of Saskatchewan and B.D. from Luther Seminary, Saskatoon, has accepted call to N. Battleford, Sask. He will be ordained at the district convention at Outlook.

2. Mr. Raymond Olson, B.A. from Augsburg College and graduate from Luther Seminary, St. Paul, has accepted call to Claresholm, Alta. He will be ordained June 22 at Camrose.

3. Rev. R. C. Storsteen, Churchs Ferry, N. Dak., has accepted call to Frontier, Sask.

4. Rev. Theodore Bergee, Glenwood, Minn., has accepted call to Glendon, Alta. Rev. Mr. Bergee will enter his work the first part of June.

—Iver Iversen.

## "Our Work in Latin America"

Although Latin America lies but a step from our door and is composed of people very much like our own, the majority of us have but hazy ideas of conditions in South America.

In writing I feel it necessary to set forth the truth. This means the laying bare of things which we would like to avoid, but if omitted would not give you an honest picture.

It is hard for us to realize the intense darkness of a people such as we find it in South America.

Professor Braga of Brazil says of the people, "here is my beautiful South America, so great and beautiful in body, but her soul is dead. Oh God, breathe Thy quickening Spirit into my South America!"

The call is for a revelation of the Living Christ to quicken and satisfy spiritual need and purify all life.

Colombia inhabitants are 97% Roman Catholics. The church has all in her power. She exercises great influence in the government. The teaching of her doctrine is compulsory in all public institutions of learning. Almost all private schools are ruled by the priesthood. By means of the confessional she has an iron hand on all her subjects in the political, social, and commercial life.

Idolatry is practised to the highest degree. Wooden crosses and images of the Virgin Mary are to be found everywhere, in busses, in stores along the road, and on hills.

Romanism with its gross and general immorality has reached a depth of ignorance and filth which can find, I believe, no parallel in any other country. I had never quite imagined there could be so much immorality. At least 50% of the children in this land are illegitimate.

But there is a brighter picture. The door stands open. "Behold I set before you an open door that none can close."

It is a call to enter, and not to criticise; to help, not merely to pity. The harvest indeed is plenteous but the laborers are few. In our Colombia territory alone, our Lutheran Church has been entrusted with a million souls to which to bring the Gospel, and as our workers increase our territory could be greatly enlarged. At

present we are ten laborers; so you realize our responsibility. And yet not ours but yours and ours together.

To a degree that is unapproached by any other political division in the world, S. A. is remarkable for its diversity of physical characteristics.

The greatest mountain system in the Western Hemisphere runs for about 4,000 miles throughout the length of S. A. from Cape Horn to Panama. Under various names this range extends through Central America and merges into our Great Rocky Mountain system. The highest peak in this range is the Aconcagua on the border line between Chile and Argentina. Its summit towers a little more than 23,999 feet above the waters of the Pacific, and next to the Himalayas is the highest point on the surface of the earth.

There are 15 other mountain peaks scattered throughout the land, with some of them also in Colombia. Some reach an altitude of more than 15,000 feet above sea level. In this country also are three of the highest active volcanoes in the world, and many of the largest known glaciers.

In this country one can find the greatest diversity of climate from the severe heat of the tropics to the extreme cold of the high mountain plateaus. Our work is carried on in the higher altitude, so we aren't suffering from the heat. In the different locations it varies from 40 to 80 degrees.

We find three classes of people here. The wealthy dress and live much as we do. Those of the middle class live in chill and clammy houses, where no sun ever penetrates. Mud brick walls and tile roofs complete their structure. And as to the poorer classes, in manner of dress the women all wear long black full skirts, like those our grandmas used to wear, bright blouses, a man's hat and a big black shawl. The men, too, wear quite some outfit. For a coat they wear a heavy piece of material, square, cut with a hole in the centre for the head.

Had a very enjoyable trip out to the field. It was an experience I shall never forget. I'm sure I entered the land by one of the most interesting routes. Spent three days on the River boat going down the Magdalena River. Imagine how thrilled I was as I saw the banana fields, the tropical fruits, the trees, the flowers of every description and color. And not least, the native homes and cities.

From Puerta Wilches we traveled by car, bus, and train. Arrived at Socha Oct. 18th. at the home of one of our workers. Visited the field and met the workers before beginning the study of Spanish. Have studied now for several weeks, and enjoy it very much.

Brethren, continue to pray for us.

"Call unto me, and I will answer thee and will show thee great things and difficult which thou knowest not." Jer. 33: 3.

Your co-worker in the Lord.  
Helen Danielson.

## Nazis Attend Church ... But Not To Pray

It is reported from Norway that while Bishop Krohn-Hansen was holding Sunday service in Tromsø, two uniformed German military police marched into the church and seized the Bishop's wife. Outside they asked her whether her husband intended to read again the pastoral letter of protest drawn up by the seven bishops of Norway. Mrs. Krohn-Hansen replied that she knew nothing of his intentions, whereupon the German police accompanied her back to the church saying that if the letter were read she would be arrested. They remained there throughout the service and left only when certain that the letter of protest was not read.

—"News of Norway."

## William Herbert Gilbertson

William Herbert Gilbertson passed away on May 3rd, following an illness of several months' duration.

Mr. Gilbertson was born at Milan, Minn., June 24, 1892. The family moved to Quincy Washington, in 1906, and resided there until 1912. Came to Canada and settled on a homestead south of Frontier, Sask. Mr. Gilbertson was married to Julia Anderson, of Milan, Minn., in 1917. Mrs. Gilbertson passed away in 1929.

The Gilbertson brothers established themselves in business at Frontier in 1923 at the time the railroad was built through that community.

In 1932, William Herbert married Esther Kaldor, of Loreburn, Sask., who survives him, together with six children, five of the first and one of the second marriage: Wallace, Alan, Carol, Herbert, Lyman, and Eugene, all of Frontier. Other near relatives are two sisters, Mrs. Francis Jacobson, of Prince Albert, Sask., and Mrs. Emelia Harstad, of Puyallup, Wash., also three brothers, George and Joseph of Frontier, and Cornelius of Vidora.

Mr. Gilbertson was widely known, respected and beloved. He belonged to the Bethel Lutheran Church at Frontier. From his death bed he sent greetings to the congregation, urging everyone to seek God. To his family he dedicated the following lines: "Build a little fence of trust just around today. Fill it full of loving deeds, And therein stay." Look not through the shattering bars, Upon tomorrow. God will help you bear, Whatever comes of joy and sorrow.

Rev. C. L. Jothan officiated at the funeral which was conducted from the Lutheran church at Frontier and was unusually well attended. Beautiful floral offerings adorned the coffin. There were also a number of memorial wreaths in the form of gifts to missions and schools.

Peace be with Mr. Gilbertson's memory!  
—Cor.

## District Convention Announcements

Those who will be attending the district convention at Outlook July 16—20 are reminded that it will be necessary for each person to furnish his own sheets and blankets. Those failing to do this will find that the rates at the local hotel are considerably higher than at the Institute.

Insofar as possible pastors, delegates and visitors should send to the undersigned advance notification of their coming.

— G. O. Evenson.

## Announcement

The spring Convention of the Yorkton Circuit will be held in Christianity Church, Atwater, Sask., J. A. Berge, pastor, June 28—29. The convention will begin the 28th at 11 a. m. with the introduction of the convention theme, "First Psalm," by Rev. J. A. Berge. The Circuit W. M. F. will meet on Saturday p. m., and give a program in the evening. The service on Sunday A.M. will be in the English language; otherwise both "Norse" and English will be used.

H. L. Urness, president.  
H. Holland, secretary.

## From Parkside, Sask.

Because of circumstances over which no one has any control, the dates for the Prince Albert Circuit meeting to be held in Shell Lake Lutheran Congregation have been moved to June 13th to 15, inclusive.

Sincerely,

—Rev. Hans Nelson, Sec'y.

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content. What kind of a week are you having?

## The Constraining Motive

Is our giving to the Lord's work done from a sense of habit, compulsion, superstition, pride or popularity? Do we give in a spirit of constant annoyance? Do we give in order to equal or exceed the gifts of our friends, or to pay for something as a sense of duty? Do we look upon our contributions to the work of the Church as a burden something we must do because someone else says so?

To these questions every true steward of the Lord's mercies will answer, "No, the love of Christ constraineth me to give." A consecrated personality will give out of the interest he has in His Master's business. The man of the world says, "It hurts me to give," but the Christian steward says, "It hurts me that I cannot give more."

Our giving is a blessing only when it is motivated by love. God so loved that He gave! The heart of Christian stewardship lies in our relationship to God, Who is the owner of all things. Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6:33). Only when God is given first place in our lives will He receive the "first fruits." Then our giving becomes an act of worship, an act of faith, motivated by love, and gives tangible evidence to our confession of faith. When the "love of Christ constraineth us" our giving will be personal, consecrated, proportionate, regular, voluntary, sacrificial, cheerful and urgent.

Does our giving to the Lord's work reveal such constraining motive?

From "My Father's Business"

## From the Bethesda Congregation Simmie, Sask.

The Lord has been wonderfully good to us here in Bethesda, Rev. A. Tveit's call. The beautiful weather we have had this winter has made it possible to gather the children on week days as well as on Sundays for the regular study of the Bible, Catechism, Bible history, etc.

We have a group of eleven children in our Sunday School at the present time, and we are looking forward to a larger group during the summer months. God permitting, we intend to have a program for our children on June 8th.

Something will also be done to raise funds for the China mission.

Our Sunday School picnic will be held during the middle of July.

To Christ be all the glory and the honor!

—Mrs. H. Gloslie.

## Editor's note:

Mrs. Gloslie is a Sunday School teacher in the Bethesda congregation, and addresses her article to the Hyrden Sunday School Teacher's Forum.

Such a department can hardly be said to be in existence, however, in view of the fact that the above is the one and only contribution we have received thus far. Nor will any attempt to carry such a column be made as long as the teachers themselves—with this lone exception—do not evince any real interest in such an effort.

## "DIPPED FROM THE STREAM"

The experiment with the corner under the above heading proved more interesting than even the editor suspected. We have now received a number of comments, ranging all the way from good-natured approval to ultra-pietistic horror over discovering such a by-path to perdition in a church paper.

Since the novelty from the very beginning was intended only as an experiment—perhaps an ill-advised one at that—we want to console alarmed readers with the assurance that no further mischief will be permitted in this corner during the present regime.



## WOMEN'S MISSIONARY FEDERATION

Mrs. George Hendrickson, Editor — Tofield, Alta.

## What Can Our Women's Societies Do for Our Service Men?

by N. M. Ylvisaker

It would seem almost presumptuous to offer suggestions in reply to this question were it not for the fact that we have been asked to do so. For, after all, the women of our country are, we believe, more vitally concerned about these young men who now find themselves in the strange circumstances of camp life than anyone else. It is their sons, their husbands, their brothers who are in camp. And who would dare to suggest that sons and husbands and even brothers are not the one great concern of those who bear the name of mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters? Our service men themselves could, if they wished, tell a story which would add another heroic chapter to the ever growing annals of love and devotion which is following them daily as they do their appointed tasks.

But the question here is concerned especially about a service which mothers, wives, sweethearts, and sisters can join in performing together for our service men. That does not mean that the personal, individual interest is being lost sight of. Not at all! It only means that there is a community of interest here which may become even more sacred if together we remember these men, pray for them, and show them that they are the objects of concern by all those who as a group may represent for them the motherhood of their church.

I think I should like to remind you first of all of the privileges you have in the fellowship of prayer. These men — and always we must remember now that they are men, men with a great task and a great responsibility — these men of ours will need above all to know that they are the objects of prayer—of never-ceasing and never-tiring prayer. Prayer that God will bless them. Prayer that God will keep and protect them. Prayer that God will be with them in any and all of the many circumstances which will meet them. Prayer that they may be kept strong in the day of temptation, pure when tempted to impurity, temperate when tempted to intemperance, honest when tempted to dishonesty, clean in speech when tempted to profanity and dirty language, religious when tempted to forget God, and kind and considerate and forgiving when tempted to hatred and cruelty and barbarity. There is much to pray for. So much that, if these men are to be kept at all, they will need the combined prayers of Christian women everywhere and the knowledge that these prayers are being offered for them to be able to withstand in an evil day the wiles of him who is ever out to destroy the souls of men, and now the souls of these our men.

But I suppose you are concerned beyond these vital considerations to know just what you may be able to do, together, for our service men in a very practical way. It should not be very difficult to list their needs nor ways in which you might meet these needs.

One of our Corps Area Chaplains has described some of these needs far better than I could. Here is his very practical description of these needs and his suggested solutions:

"The first few weeks in camp are the hardest for the young soldier. It is a violent wrench from home life and normal social ties to camp conditions with tent life, change of food, drill and discipline.

"To tide the lad over this period, home folks may help very materially. His mail is the big thing for the young man in camp. Each day send him some greeting or some love token, be it ever so small. The problem of laundry is sometimes difficult, so send him a handkerchief and a pair of good socks tomorrow and repeat it now and then. He has a sweet tooth—satisfy it with candy and chocolate in small lots only, each

piece wrapped in oiled paper that it may not reach him a sticky mess. He will chew gum on the march, which helps him to refrain from drinking too much water and from dipping into his lunch or ration. He will, after a little experience, take chocolate with him on a hike as it seems to keep a man up better than other food. Provide him with a small pocket flash light. Send him a towel now and then.

"Sometimes it is hard for him to get to the post office and pennies for postage may be few, so send him a book of stamps. He likes to read, so mark the interesting items in the home town paper and with it send him an occasional magazine or illustrated weekly.

"He needs all the ordinary toilet articles; but do not send talcum powder, tooth paste, tooth brush, shaving cream, razor blades, and soap all on the same day—an item each mail is better. He has been in the sun and a little mentholatum or camphorice will soothe his parched lips.

"He will enjoy a Testament or prayer book. If he did not take his watch and you can afford a cheap wrist watch, send it. A tiny, good hand shaving mirror will be appreciated. Two or three small wash rags—the sort that can be easily cleaned in a small amount of water and dried quickly.

"Parcel post solves the problem of sending small packages safely. Address plainly and fully with the number of his regiment and the letter of his company, troop, or battery and delivery is almost absolutely assured though he moves from place to place very often. Insure the more valuable articles; it costs but a trifle.

"Now do not put it all in one bundle as being the easiest way, but string it out over days and weeks, so that he will learn to listen most eagerly for 'mail call.' It is pathetic to note the number of men in the service to whom the arrival of mail means nothing. Carelessness or wrong-doing separates them from home and loved ones so they get no mail. Do not let the soldier man from your home circle be of this group."

## Announcement

The annual convention of the W. M. F. of the Yorkton Circuit will be held at the Atwater Church, Rev. J. A. Berge, pastor, on Saturday, June 28th. Each Ladies Aid is urged to elect two delegates. All Ladies Aid presidents, circuit officers, and department secretaries should be present. Will the Ladies Aids please send in the triplicate cards!

Mrs. J. A. Berge, President.  
Mrs. H. R. Knudson, Sec'y.

## Helped by the Saloon

Judges 13:4.

At last, after many years we have the genuine testimony of a reliable business enterprise that has been helped by the saloon. Make a record of it and file it away where it can be used if the saloon brands you as its champion, for the liquor traffic is in frightful need of arguments to defend it in these evil days on which it has fallen. The Ladies' Home Journal relates the testimony:

"If any man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the saloon I will spend the rest of my life working for the liquor people." A man in the audience arose. "I consider my business honest," he said, "and it has been helped by the saloon." "What is your business?" yelled the orator. "I sir, responded the man, 'am an undertaker.'"

"A BIT OF TIME  
A BIT OF LOVE  
SHARED HAPPILY EACH DAY;  
A BIT OF PRAYER  
FOR ANOTHER'S SOUL—  
THIS IS THE THANK-OFFERING WAY."

Selected.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

Editor, Rev. G. O. Evenson, Outlook, Sask.

"These things I command you, that ye may love one another. If the world hateth you, ye know that it hath hated me before it hated you." (John 15: 7, 18).

The follower of Christ is not to be surprised if he is not popular with the world. The popularity of his Master was fleeting and transient. Those who knew Him became either His followers or His enemies. Popularity depends on changing circumstances. A man can be popular while things go well and yet have no devoted followers. Christ desires not popularity but devotion. Those who give Him their devotion can hardly expect to be popular with His enemies.

But a Christian can expect love and sympathy from his fellow — Christians. Christ declares that unbelievers do good to their fellows. How much more should not believers do good to their fellows? Truly the name of God is blasphemed by the all too frequent lack of charity and sympathy among Christians.

Christ commands love of fellow-Christians. Surely this alone is sufficient reason for desiring to live in love. Where this command is disobeyed, that which distinguishes Christians is lacking. For Christ said: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (John 13:35).

If the fulfillment of the command of Christ depended on our efforts, nothing would we see except miserable failure. But Christ gives us the Holy Spirit, whose first fruit is love.

Does the fruit of love reveal the presence of the Spirit in your heart?

## Bible Camp and Convention Dates

Saskatoon Circuit L. L. Convention, Spring Creek, June 12—15. International Y.P.L.L. Convention, Billings, June 25—29. Christopher Lake Bible Camp, June 30 — July 13. Lutheran Free Church Young Peoples' Convention, Loreburn, July 3 — 6. Yorkton Circuit L. L. Convention, Hendon, July 4—6. Swift Current Circuit Bible Camp, Simmie, July 5—13. Saskatoon Circuit Bible Camp, Outlook, July 8—15. Hastings Lake Bible Camp, July 7—15. Medicine Hat Circuit Bible Camp, July 8—15. Moose Jaw Circuit L. L. Convention, July 11—13. N.L.C.A. district convention, Outlook, July 16—20. C. L. B. I. Camp, Sylvan Lake, July 14—27. Moose Jaw Circuit Bible Camp, Midale, July 21—27. P. A. Circuit L. L. Convention, Bagley, July 25—27.

The guest speaker at the Yorkton Circuit L. L. Convention will be Pastor S. A. Berge of Fargo, N. Dak.

## The Sad End of a Luther League

Ten little Leaguers, working just fine;  
One left town, and then there were nine.  
Nine little Leaguers, keeping up to date;  
One got sick, and then there were eight.  
Eight little Leaguers, on their way to heaven;  
One joined another League, and then there were seven.  
Seven little Leaguers — not a bad fix;  
One left for school, and then there were six.  
Six little Leaguers, very much alive;  
One got discouraged, then there were five.  
Five little Leaguers — wish there were more;  
One got mad, and then there were four.  
Four little Leaguers, happy as could be;  
One took a rest, and then there were three.  
Three little Leaguers, feeling rather blue;  
One fell in love, and then there were two.  
Two little Leaguers, lots to be done;  
One dropped out, and then there was one;  
One little Leaguer, working all alone;  
He just quit, and then there was none.  
— Luther League Review.

## A Growing League

One little Leaguer, undaunted and true,  
Found a companion, and so there are two.  
Two little Leaguers, with much to be done,  
Reach out their hands to an erring one.  
Three little Leaguers, with faith galore,  
Gathered another, and now there are four.  
Four little Leaguers, with spirits alive,  
Solicit another, for they must have five.  
Five little Leaguers, how they do mix!  
Working and growing until there are six.  
Six little Leaguers, marching toward heaven,  
Recruited another to make seven.  
Seven little Leaguers, living straight,  
One got a boy friend, and then there were eight.  
Eight little Leaguers, with purpose divine,  
Worked and prayed til their number was nine.  
Nine little Leaguers, with paper and pen,  
Enlisted a brother, and now they have ten.  
Ten little Leaguers, undaunted by sin,  
Went on "With Christ for Christ" to win.  
— Louis G. Krebs.

## P.A. Circuit L.L. Convention

The North Saskatchewan Young People's Leagues and Choral Union will hold their convention at Bagley, Sask., Rev. J. S. Stolee's charge, July 25, 26, 27.

We have chosen for our theme Matthew 27:22: "What Will I Do With Jesus," a personal challenge to everyone. They who reject Him will some day be rejected by Him that died that we might have life and have it abundantly.

What will you do with Jesus,  
Neutral you cannot be,  
For some day your heart will be asking,  
What will He do with me.

The people at Bagley have asked that those who have tents please bring them. May many of our young people and older ones also plan to attend our meeting at Bagley, and pray that the Holy Spirit may lead us in all that we do. Please bring bibles or testaments for the bible study hours.

—Einar Haave, pres.

## Today

We shall do much in the years to come,  
But what have we done today?  
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,  
But what did we give today?  
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,  
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,  
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,  
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,  
But what have we been today?  
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,  
But what have we brought today?  
We shall give to truth a grander birth,  
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,  
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;  
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the bye and bye,  
But what have we sown today?  
We shall build us mansions in the sky,  
But what have we built today?  
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,  
But here and now, do we our task?  
Yes, this the thing our souls must ask,  
"What have we done today?"

When fortune smiles upon a man  
he congratulates himself upon his  
own intelligence. When misfortune  
frowns he looks for a goat.  
— Joseph Staggs Lawrence.

\* \* \*

Remember some friend with a gift  
subscription.